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SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1907.

The Jamestown Exposition.

In spite of what undoubtedly seems to be a state of unpreparedness, President Roosevelt touched the gold button; from the throats of 300 guns a salute roared out, and the Jamestown Exposition was formally opened yesterday at noon. Originated to commemorate, fifty, the 300th anniversary of the settlement at Jamestown of the first English colonists, who, in frail and rude craft, dared the perils of the mighty ocean to found a home in America, the new city, far greater, infinitely nobler, and a much greater time it is hoped that the exposition will be in full working order.

But great as this exposition is to be, it is not in its own greatness that its true significance lies. There have been many expositions within recent years, but none, we think, that should prove such a stimulus to patriotism and to a proper and dignified pride in our nation as this one. Here are to be seen the rude methods of the living that in vogue when these first settlers, landed in Virginia. Here, too, may be seen the material evidences of the wonderful progress that the nation has made in the three hundred years that have elapsed. There is no parallel to it in the wide world's history, for at this exposition may be traced clearly our humble beginnings and the sum of our great achievement.

Enormous as has been the extension of the country's material prosperity since that May day in the long ago, far greater, infinitely nobler, and a much greater cause for congratulation has been the world-wide influence that this prosperity has carried with it. Here at the exposition, where are gathered soldiers from many lands and navies from the seven seas, there goes out the spirit of power that makes for the peace of the world. It is good, at this time, to recall the last sections given by the King of England to these colonies whose brave adventure was to mean so much. Just as he pointed out that "Lastly and chiefly, the way to prosper and achieve great success is to make ourselves all of one mind for the good of your country and your own, and to serve and fear God, the Giver of all goodness; for every plantation which our Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out."

The work those sturdy colonists began has been continued persistently ever since; we have had our trials as a nation, since they were at times, but they have held the faith that those first settlers at Jamestown handed down to us. And the exposition, with its living monuments of America's progress, stands also as a monument to the faith of our fathers which we have not deserted, and to which we and our children must always cling if we are to reach the high goal toward which our destiny points.

Mr. Loeb is an ideal man to head a traction company. Very few evils in a community fall, sooner or later, to be charged up to the street car people. And Mr. Loeb is used to taking the blame for things.

Progress of a Great Crusade.

We have had occasion frequently of late to make note of the progress of the anti-whiskers crusade. As yet we have neither approved nor disapproved the movement. The issue involved is of too serious moment for an impartial exponent of public thought to lend its influence to either side of the controversy. When the crusade started in Nebraska we called attention to it, and then predicted that it would spread all over the country. Our prediction has been more than verified, for England is now being agitated by the movement. The New Jersey legislature has entertained a proposition to adopt a law levying a graduated tax on whiskers. The alarming title of the bill is "To raise revenue for the support of the government, and for other purposes." We are used to such deceptive captions to proposed laws in Washington. The real motive of all such deceptions is hidden in the all-comprehensive term, "and for other purposes." In the case in hand, the purpose is to tax whiskers out of existence. We do not believe that in ordinary circumstances such a law would stand the test of the highest courts in the land. A great constitutional right of the citizen is involved, and we it not for the fact that judges upon the bench are affected more or less by public clamor, we would not hesitate to predict that the inalienable right of the male citizen to cultivate whiskers and disport himself in any style of hirsute adornment that his fancy might dictate or the shortcomings of his physiognomy might necessitate, would be upheld by the courts in ringing opinions that would send cowardly legislators to cover.

We are moved to these observations by ominous tidings from Omaha. Yielding to the mandate of divers and sundry circles of society leaders—all of whom are ladies, of course—on the general subject of whiskers, including even a decree that all male persons who go a-wooling shall present themselves with clean shaves, the Burlington Railroad system has issued an order that hereafter every one of its conductors "must have a clean face." Proceeding upon the theory that cleanliness and whiskers are incompatible, not to say impossible, which the Nebraska ladies have not done, this order is defined as meaning that "no whiskers or mustaches

will be tolerated." The hapless conductor who now is indulging his taste for whiskers in any of their multifarious forms must divest himself thereof by the first of May or lose his job.

Were we not determined to maintain an attitude of absolute impartiality on the issue as to whiskers until further argument is presented, we would advise the Burlington conductors to resist enforcement of the order to the limit of the law. There are whiskerless lawyers in plenty who would take a test case for a proper fee, and carry it through the slow gradations of the courts to the highest tribunal in the land, the Supreme Court of the United States. Nine good, and learned men comprise that body, and overwhelming majority of them wear whiskers in one form or another. Only Mr. Justice Harlan and Mr. Justice Brewer are whiskerless totally, though Mr. Justice White wears only diminutive "chaunceydeps." The case of The People vs. Whiskers would, we are convinced, be justly dealt with by the Supreme Court, the palladium of our liberty. In the hands of a whiskerless lawyer, the case for whiskers could be more forcibly presented to the Supreme Court by a bewhiskered lawyer, because the argument would be dispassionate, impersonal, and based entirely upon pure reason and the eternal principles of right and justice. More than once the Supreme Court has saved this country from the dangerous tyranny of the plutocrats and the wild carmen of the mob. We are willing to submit the issue as to whiskers to that great tribunal, and the sooner it is called upon to adjudicate this exciting question the better it will be for the peace and happiness of the nation.

The Atlanta Constitution and the Atlanta Journal are very busy reading each other out of the Democratic party, while the Macon Telegraph and the Atlanta Georgian are indulging in the same pastime. This seems to be one of the favorite amusements of the Democratic papers.

Jokeying Our New State.

We are not prepared to believe that President Roosevelt will lend himself to the astute scheme of Republican party leaders to keep the new State of Oklahoma out of the Union until after the next Presidential election, in order to prevent the casting of her electoral vote for a Democratic candidate for President. It is within the power of the President to do this; at all events, Congress delegated to him the power to accept or reject the constitution of the new State. A copy of that document has been informally placed before the President by Representative Watson, of Indiana, with the avowed purpose of obtaining an early ruling on the question whether it shall be approved. This proceeding is in itself precipitate and peculiar; why should Mr. Watson be so strongly interested in the fate or the character of Oklahoma's constitution?

The reasons assigned by Mr. Watson for the rejection of the Oklahoma constitution are by no means convincing. He thinks it a "conglomeration of statutes based upon Populist ideals." Fault is found with the provisions for the creation of a railroad commission, and for the taxation of corporations, and for the initiative and referendum. With none of these matters has the Federal government any concern, unless the provisions relating to them are obviously in violation of the National Constitution. All the President is required to determine is whether the new constitution provides a republican form of government, that is, a form of government analogous to that of the other States and to that of the Federal Union. We have not yet heard of the slightest suggestion from any quarter that the Oklahoma constitution does not conform to this requirement.

To reject that constitution on the grounds set forth by Mr. Watson would be to prescribe conditions for the admission of the new State not contemplated by the act of admission, conditions based not on constitutional reasons, but on political and economic differences of opinion. The absurdity of prescribing any such conditions is manifest when we consider that as soon as the new State is admitted it may freely ignore the superimposed conditions of its admission, replace the rejected provisions in the constitution, and thereafter defy the Federal government in so far as its constitution and its laws are in conformity with the Federal Constitution.

The meretricious nature of the objections urged by Mr. Watson suggest that he is much more interested in keeping seven votes out of the Democratic electoral column than he is in securing to the people of Oklahoma a wise constitution and just laws. Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to take such a purely partisan view of his official prerogative; in the case of Oklahoma, the action he is asked to take would be the reverse of a square deal.

As a matter of fact, does Rhode Island actually need another Senator?

Jonah and the Whale.

Perhaps no question of antiquity has upset more well-intentioned students than the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale. Two theories exist: First, that the whale swallowed Jonah; second, that the whale didn't swallow Jonah at all. The crusade started in Nebraska we called attention to it, and then predicted that it would spread all over the country. Our prediction has been more than verified, for England is now being agitated by the movement. The New Jersey legislature has entertained a proposition to adopt a law levying a graduated tax on whiskers. The alarming title of the bill is "To raise revenue for the support of the government, and for other purposes." We are used to such deceptive captions to proposed laws in Washington. The real motive of all such deceptions is hidden in the all-comprehensive term, "and for other purposes." In the case in hand, the purpose is to tax whiskers out of existence. We do not believe that in ordinary circumstances such a law would stand the test of the highest courts in the land.

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indorsement is going to have this effect upon Southern girls, he is apt to lose some of his popularity down that way.

An ossified man has willed his body after death to Harvard University. As he can not, by any stretch of the imagination, be classed as a mollycoddle, the university will doubtless be duly appreciative.

The pending question, "Who is the greatest American?" must, necessarily, continue to pend until the close of the baseball season.

The Order of the Rich Man's Conspiracy is a most exclusive organization, that than the Order of Ananias. Any old thing can get in the latter organization, but it takes a stiff property qualification to get in the former.

A critic objects to Mr. Roosevelt's statement concerning his "intention to formally open the Jamestown Exposition." Well, the President may split infinitives, but he doesn't split hairs.

Jan Jankowski wants the courts to change his name to John Smith. This is the open season for John Smiths.

And now it is discovered that Senator Wetmore's seat in the Senate is No. 23.

Senator Tillman is said to be mad clear through because his audiences show a tendency to grow smaller and smaller. Perhaps the Senator has rather overdone that sort of talk.

A New York surgical society complains that the ambulances are driven so fast to the hospitals that it endangers the lives of the patients. The idea is, perhaps, that the longer the patient can be kept from the surgeons, the better chance he has to escape with his life.

London has a new verb, "to suffrage," which, according to the Hartford Times, may be used in this way: "She was arrested while suffraging." Over her "disorderly conduct" covers the same ground.

The czar complains that the debates in the Duma amount to nothing. The same condition prevails in Congress, but no one has heard "Uncle Joe" complaining about it.

"The more I see of foreign people, the better I think of my own," says Mr. Henry Watterson. That's right, Mars Henry; "there's no place like home!"

"Tariff reform is the only T. R. that we are willing to have Mr. Bryan nominate in the next Presidential fracas," says The Weekly Weekly Jeffersonian. Mr. Roosevelt will probably have equally as much to say in regard to this suggestion as he has had to say concerning Mr. Graves' suggestion.

Howdy, Spring! It is really you, this time?

"The sun shines brightly, the bees hum merrily, the birds sing sweetly" down about Bristol, Tenn., according to Herald-Courier. Its an easy guess that there is an editor planning a fishing trip.

The King of Siam styles himself "Brother of the Moon and Half Brother of the Sun." This indicates that he is certainly some planet's step-son, but as to that he is silent.

Another New York woman is on trial for murder, but as she never figured in a "Florodora" sextet, the trial is not attracting very much attention.

The Houston Post is having a hard time squaring its strawberrys with that recent Texas snowstorm.

An Indiana man has made three separate attempts to tell a funny story he knows, and each time he laughs so heartily before he got to the point that he dislocated his jaw. It is hard luck to have a story like that on your mind and not be able to get it off.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, unaccompanied by a large and varied assortment of adjectives, will go to Danville, Ill., soon to spend the summer with his grandchildren.

Superstitious nuisances are pointing out the fact that the Jamestown Exposition was opened on Friday. Oh, well, this country was discovered on Friday.

Col. John A. Joyce, in a poem published in the Baltimore American, speaks of his right from "right to power." Mr. Wellman might get some valuable pointers from Col. Joyce.

Pittsburg people are said to be suffering from "pneumonia," a disease, a pseudomelic formation induced by carbonaceous accumulations." Smoke up, Pittsburgers!

The peace bout is finished, and grinning Vandyke hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

A Pennsylvania woman is suing a former sweetheart for kissing her more than twice a day. Surely there ought to be some statute of limitation provided for defense against this sort of litigation.

Those new postage stamps with Capt. John Smith's picture on them are very nice, of course, but they would be a much bigger hit in Georgia if they bore Hoke's likeness.

Why He Did Not Marry.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
As a reason for not marrying, Brahms once wrote to a friend:

"At the time when I should have wished to marry, my compositions were either hissed at, or, at any rate, very coolly received. I knew their worth though, and that sooner or later the page would be turned; and in unmarriageable solitude I never really took my reverses to heart."

The President's Popularity.

From the Springfield Republican.
The latest and most amusing tribute to President Roosevelt is from the Baltimore Sun. That able Democratic paper prints a long article on its first page to show that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is largely overestimated, and on the next page appears an article soberly discussing the question whether the selection of Senator Overman, of North Carolina, as Democratic leader in the Senate would be pleasing to the President. Senator Overman is talked of as "the President's choice." It must, indeed, be an unpopular President whose hold is such that his personal wishes are spoken of as having effect in the choice of a leader by the so-called opposition party!

Ex-Gov. Hagerman's Offense.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Gov. Hagerman, of New Mexico, must plead guilty to the charge of not having been a Rough Rider.

SPRING IN CACTUS CENTER.

The sun shines on the desert in a dazzling flood of white.
And the stars appear much nearer, in the calm and balmy night.
The cactuses are a nodding 'gainst the warm adobe walls.
And you'll find a bunch, contented, where each bit of sunshine falls.
The bronchos' heads are drooping as they stand up to the rack.
And each burro is a rollin' fer to get rid of its pack;
Every squiggle comes a-takin' is asleep on her.
And the bull Southwest is sayin', "Spring is here, so what's the use?"

From the town's edge rolls the desert, like a magic, painted sea.
And sweet it rolls a whisper, "Mount, you puncher, ride be free."
But I merely roll another, and I doze and smoke and doze.
'Cause there's a nodding in the springtime, is hypocrite, goodness knows!

—Denver Republican.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE GRAFTER'S VERSION.

My country, 'tis of thee
I found my ministry.
Of thee I sing.
I love thy rocks, you bet!
I love thy stocks, et, et,
And unto those I get
I firmly cling.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of jobbery,
Thou best of jokes!
I love thy every cove,
I love each verdant grove,
But most of all I love
Thy verdant folks!

Of Course.

"Say!"
"Well!"
"What's the best way to catch the President's car?"
"By getting hold of one Loeb."

Small Returns.

It is not much satisfaction to make two blades of grass grow where one has planted a peck of seed.

Hurray!

Make a noise of exultation
Near and far.
Andy's earned a decoration
Fighting war!

Difference in Gotham.

"Is New York to become a mining camp?"
"I think not. In a mining camp a murderer stands a good chance of getting his neck stretched."

Change.

"How marriage alters things. Before marriage, he is always catching her in his arms."
"And after?"
"He is always catching her in his trousers pockets."

Swinging Ohio.

"Some of these fellows that are going out to swing Ohio—"
"Well!"
"Had better look out for the back swing."

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Joy.
I never knew the joy of getting home.
I never knew how fast a heart could beat;
I never tasted joy.
Till the day my little boy
Came running up to meet me on the street.

I never knew the pleasure of a smile,
I never knew the music of a voice,
Till I heard my baby greet me,
On this day he ran to meet me,
In a way that made my weary heart rejoice.

I never knew a welcome half so true,
Till I heard his "hello, daddy!" down the street.
And though weary as could be,
When he scampered up to me,
There was comfort in the pater of his feet.

I never knew the charm of laughing eyes,
I never knew how happy I could be;
I never knew the cheer,
That makes worry disappear at times,
Till the day my baby first ran up to me.

This Is True, Too.

If married people could suppress their tempers as easily as they suppress their divorce suits, there would be less work for the courts.

An Art Collection.

It's only a crayon portrait,
That hangs on the parlor wall;
It's only a crayon picture,
Of one whom we can't recall.
I served a New York constituency long in Congress, and was also prosecuting attorney of New York County. Bertram T. Clayton, a native of Alabama, represented a Brooklyn Democratic district in Congress. The late Rufus T. Polk, born and reared in Tennessee, died a Confederate member of Congress from Pennsylvania. John H. O'Neill, a South Carolinian by birth and maturity, once represented an Indiana district in the House. John C. Bell, born in Tennessee, went to Congress from Colorado. Col. J. Ham Lewis, born in Virginia, and reared in Chicago, served the State of Washington with distinction in Congress and was subsequently corporation counsel of Chicago. Senator Piles, now a Senator from the State of Washington, and a Republican, is a Kentuckian. Tom Johnson, Cleveland's famous mayor, is a Kentuckian. The late John A. Bland, a free trader in the House, and a Democrat, represented the House in the adopted city, one of the most highly vitalized centers of protection in the country. Judge Page M. Morris, appointed to the Federal bench by President Roosevelt, is a Virginian, and was a member of the Senate several times as a Republican from Minnesota. Gen. John C. Black, Henry F. Greene, and John A. McIlhenny, who at present compose the Civil Service Commission, are Southern men. The first two of whom are still Democrats, the first and the last named.

What's that, I'm assessed for ten thousand dollars?
On pictures that hang on my wall?
It's an outrage, an infamous outrage,
A five spot would pay for them all.

It's only a picture of grandma,
Hanging over the old fireplace;
It's simply a crayon outline,
Of grandma's kindly face.
But I value it more than money,
And more than the gems of the earth;
For the rarest of old Murillos
Has naught of this picture's worth.

They've assessed me a cool ten thousand,
For pictures that hang on my wall?
Why, a five-dollar bill, I tell you,
Would pay for the whole shebang.

Flash Lights.

To comply with the Nobel Prize rules President Roosevelt is to deliver a lecture in Norway. There's a good place to advocate simplified spelling.

An English woman writes that she never had the pleasure of meeting an American lady or gentleman. Which proves that American ladies and gentlemen are sometimes particular whom they meet.

After forty-six years of honorable service, Maj.-Gen. Wade retires, still of the opinion that the army canteen is a good thing. But think how many women there are in the country who know more about it than he does.

The Detroit man who put his wife across his knees and spanked her, probably omitted to add that it hurt him as much as it hurt her.

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From the Springfield Republican.
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Getting Hot in Ohio.

Relations between the Republicans of Ohio are fast becoming tinged with the kindly feeling and unity that pervade the national convention of the D. A. R.

—Denver Republican.

MEN AND THINGS.

Hitchcock for Secretary?

In the event of Secretary Loeb retiring from service under the President to accept the presidency of one of Washington's big street railroad companies, or to enter any other private employment within the next year, as is now reported to be his purpose, it is believed that he will be succeeded at the White House by Frank H. Hitchcock, now First Assistant Postmaster General and official headman of the administration. In support of this belief it is pointed out that Mr. Hitchcock, in temperament, habit, and looks, would make an ideal secretary to the President. He is alert, of pleasing address, and close-mouthed, yet without diplomacy in declining to give out information in such a manner as not to offend. Moreover, Mr. Hitchcock has informed himself intimately of the details of national politics, first in his association with Mr. Cortelyou in the management of the last campaign, second in his position in the Post-office Department, and third in his recent tour of the South on a political mission of the President, and his project of a third tour of the South on a similar mission. It now develops that he would have followed Secretary Cortelyou to the Treasury Department as an Assistant Secretary had it not been for protests from high officers against the change. It was contended that for numerous reasons he could be of more value to the administration in his present position than in a new one, and to this view the President finally assented. Mr. Hitchcock is an expert stenographer as Mr. Loeb, so that even on this score he would be as serviceable to the President as is the present secretary in the matter of receiving confidential dictation.

Mr. Bryan's Expansion.

When in Vermont the other day, Mr. Bryan consented to get on the scales, and he was surprised to ascertain that his weight is now 234 pounds. When he entered the Presidential campaign in 1896, the Nebraska tipster of the beam at exactly Mr. Bryan's age, then thirty-six, in eleven years, therefore, his avoirdupois has increased sixty-nine pounds, an average annual increase of only a little more than six pounds. Apropos of this comparison of an avoirdupois man with a Democratic leader's saving grace of humor—a quality of character that not many people credit Mr. Bryan with possessing. Mr. Bryan and just about the time of his birth, Salem, Ill., after his nomination at Chicago. Thither rushed an army of newspaper men from all parts of the country to write about him. The one incident in this story had received a telegram from his editor instructing him to ascertain and wire immediately Mr. Bryan's height, weight, size of feet, the number of his hat, &c. The correspondent turned over to the nominee the editor's telegram of instructions, and the latter read its contents aloud, giving the desired information seriatim. When he reached the question as to the size of his hat, he smiled and inquired: "Does your editor mean before or after?"

Southerners at the North.

In connection with the discussion of the advisability of the Democrats nominating one of their number at the South as their standard bearer next year, it is interesting to recall some of the more conspicuous examples of the successful political careers of Southerners at the North. For instance, Kansas sent to both branches of Congress a Confederate colonel and a Virginian by birth in the person of William A. Harris, L. F. C. Garfield, a native of North Carolina, was elected by the Democrats governor of Rhode Island. Francis G. Newlands, a son of Mississippi, is now a Senator from Nevada, the first Democrat ever elected to the Senate by that State. Gen. Roger A. Pryor, of the Confederate army, has had a distinguished career in the public affairs of New York. The late John R. Fellows, born in Arkansas, served a New York constituency long in Congress, and was also prosecuting attorney of New York County. Bertram T. Clayton, a native of Alabama, represented a Brooklyn Democratic district in Congress. The late Rufus T. Polk, born and reared in Tennessee, died a Confederate member of Congress from Pennsylvania. John H. O'Neill, a South Carolinian by birth and maturity, once represented an Indiana district in the House. John C. Bell, born in Tennessee, went to Congress from Colorado. Col. J. Ham Lewis, born in Virginia, and reared in Chicago, served the State of Washington with distinction in Congress and was subsequently corporation counsel of Chicago. Senator Piles, now a Senator from the State of Washington, and a Republican, is a Kentuckian. Tom Johnson, Cleveland's famous mayor, is a Kentuckian. The late John A. Bland, a free trader in the House, and a Democrat, represented the House in the adopted city, one of the most highly vitalized centers of protection in the country. Judge Page M. Morris, appointed to the Federal bench by President Roosevelt, is a Virginian, and was a member of the Senate several times as a Republican from Minnesota. Gen. John C. Black, Henry F. Greene, and John A. McIlhenny, who at present compose the Civil Service Commission, are Southern men. The first two of whom are still Democrats, the first and the last named.

Rebates Still Granted.

Mr. Thayer's Contrary Assertion Comes at Inauspicious Time.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.
It illustrates the circle in which the arguments of the railroad advocates move that Vice President Thayer, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in his speech at Buffalo, got around to the assertion that "rebates are a thing of the past, having been abolished by the Elkins bill."

We can hardly suppose that Mr. Thayer intends to take refuge behind the verbal equivocation that the precise method of inflicting a discriminating rate by drawing rebates eludes to return part of the freight bill to the favored shipper has been abolished. If so, it makes no difference in the vital question whether the practice of giving certain shippers vital favors and subjecting others to vital disadvantages has gone on.

This assertion that rebates are a thing of the past was reiterated in that series of hearings which the Senate Committee arranged, exclusively with corporate representatives, to furnish a pretext for smothering the rate bill. Apart from the persistent misrepresentation that favoritism was abolished by the Elkins bill—it really having been prohibited in inclusive terms by the act of 1887, and having been illegal before under the common law—the disclosures that followed this was the most remarkable exposure of cases of unfair discrimination reaching from the Far West to the Eastern States.

A time when the Standard Oil Company has just been convicted on over 1,600 counts is hardly an auspicious one for Mr. Thayer to resume that outworn plea. It is even less so since it evokes the recollection hardly a year old of the action of his own company in actually excluding disfavored oil shippers from the facilities of the railroads.

NO LONGER AN EXPERIMENT.

Commission Form of Government Is Now a Proved Success.

From the Columbus State.
"Two interesting experiments," says the News and Courier, "are being made in municipal government in Texas. The city of Galveston and the city of Houston are being governed by commissions or boards of directors." Government by commission cannot be aptly termed an "experiment." In a series of editions that appeared in the State three or four months ago, the method of government by commission, inaugurated in Galveston was described. The success is so marked that other cities in other States have adopted the plan. We are glad the News and Courier inures the Galveston system as "worth the study of the people of the State." Charleston and other towns in this State. Between government by commissioners chosen for their business capacity, and government by aldermen chosen because they wish to be aldermen, there is the difference between a business government and a harum-scarum, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss government that is in many cases misgovernment. The Galveston plan is going to spread over this country. The people are becoming awakened to the advantage of having their affairs conducted on business principles.

Describing Senator Bourne.

From the New York Sun.
We violate neither the truth nor any confidence when we state that Senator Bourne was but the other day elected by the legislature of Oregon, and is as new as paint laid on with a wet brush. He is known to topical fame as the host at whose board the \$5,000,000 conspiracy was dropped into the receptive ear of Secretary Lodge, and by a humorous Senator in the hiccough stage.

TEARS OF THE COMMUTER.

Now comes the blithesome time of year
When spring awakes the mounds,
And in our mail we all receive
The catalogue of seeds.

It opens to our dazzled eyes
In beauty's pride and flush,
The glory of its pictured hues,
The rainbow tints to black.
We gaze at garden for our own
And think we are in luck
When hark! men to elixir is borne
A baryard faint chuck! chuck!
And then our spirits quiver sink
And sorrow fills our cup;
Where the seeds have laid an egg
To eat those flowers up.
—McLander Wilson, in New York Sun.

ON CULBERSON'S CHANCES.

Metropolitan Paper Says Movement to Nominate Him Will Grow.

From the New York Sun.
Serious and Intelligent Southern Democrats do not consider the Hon. Charles A. Culbertson, of Texas, as having definitely and irrevocably withdrawn from the arena of Presidential possibilities. He has said that he is not an aspirant for the party nomination next year, but the Democracy of this section who happen to have contracted the habit of thinking prefer to understand him as meaning to disclaim anything and everything in the nature of solic